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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1919.

President Wilson gave away 135 Christmas turkeys. That and a twenty thousand dollar income tax will make quite a hole even in a seventy-five thousand dollar income.

In Emporia, Kan., the recent coal conservation measures were extended to the telephone system and the manager cut off 20 subscribers for "non-essential conversation." By some strange coincidence all of the offenders were women!

Kansas produced a billion dollars' worth of farm crops. Half a million freight cars are needed at once to move the nation's corn. We Americans are getting almost as reckless in the use of figures as we are in the giving of Christmas presents.

For 50 days a New York woman slept and all efforts to rouse her failed. Finally they started a phonograph and she awakened long enough to inquire "What was that?" How far behind the times one can fall in the matter of phonograph records in 80 days!

Some genius for statistics has figured that if all the forests of the world were completely stocked and scientifically worked they would yield fuel equal to 30 to 120 times the amount of coal now used. This assurance, of course, is comforting, but it doesn't make the present coal shortage in this country any the less keenly felt.

Bill Hohenzollern saws wood for a regular business and for mental recreation follows the campaigns in Russia by means of maps marked with flags! And yet some people think he ought to be tried, convicted and sentenced to something or other. What, in the name of common sense, could be worse than his present fate?

Scientists have been a long time trying to illuminate small spots on the surface of the earth as well as the sun illuminates the entire solar system, and for the first time they are claiming some degree of success. Man may eventually find something equal to sunlight, but he never will be able to improve upon it. The reason is the human eye has been too many hundreds of thousands of years adapting itself to what old sol sends us to be likely ever to acquire a preference for any substitute.

Restoring Foreign Exchange.

American traders have been thriving greatly upon the misfortune of Europe and the relative prosperity of this country by buying abroad in depreciated foreign currency and selling over here for American money, the best on earth. A few weeks ago a presidential order was issued instructing U. S. consuls to keep tall on all big purchases and to wire the customs authorities the prices paid. Then, by figuring the rate of exchange, the government here can easily determine a proper value to set upon the goods for the collection of import duties. That at least, assures a fair appraisal and the payment of adequate rates.

Of course European prices are high, but they have not kept pace with the depreciation of exchange. Profits of 400 per cent or more are commonly made in importing laces, silks, tapestries, and other manufactured goods which find a great demand in this country and which Europe is beginning to produce in quantities. Consequently American buyers are exceedingly active and the stream of goods to this country is steadily growing.

On the other hand American manufacturers, paying for their materials, labor and incidentals, in sound American dollars, are obliged to charge prices that seem fabulous to Europeans.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

WHEN HORACE MADE GOOD.

By Mabel E. Brightman.

"All ready for the sleigh ride, boys and girls," piped Jones, as he entered the school room. "All here and ready, but Sally Hicks, and she is always late," spoke a chorus of voices, that surrounded the little country school room stove.

Sally was a bright-eyed little girl of 16, with cheeks like roses and hair that fell on her shoulders in golden curls. Her drive to school each morning was far from short, but Sally felt she wanted to go and must go home and put on her new brown coat and knitted red cap, that her aunt Johanna had sent her for her birthday the day before. Paul Ripe, the youngest trustee of the school, was going and she must look at her very best.

"What is the matter and the hurry, my dear?" spoke Sally's mother, looking over her spectacles, as Sally rushed into the kitchen. "Oh, nothing, mother, only Horace has invited me to ride in that horrid looking sleigh. I just hate old-fashioned people, anyway," spluttered Sally, "but then—I suppose I will have to go, as he has been so good to bother since his illness."

to make up for the difference in currency values and they are doing much less foreign business than they had hoped to do.

Thus an economic law has been set in operation which in time will restore the trade balance between this country and Europe and perhaps throw it the other way. As this process goes on foreign exchange will automatically rise till it goes to or beyond par, assuming, of course, that other nations maintain their financial integrity.

Debt as an Aid to Peace.

England's public debt, contracted during the war, is estimated by a British authority at 157 pounds per person. That is \$775, or a total of \$2,875 for an average family of five persons. Plainly the United Kingdom will have to produce abundantly, save carefully, trade shrewdly and manage its finances expertly for many, many years to pay current expenses and interest and have enough left to reduce its debt to a pre-war status. The seriousness of the situation is the more apparent when it is remembered that the country even in 1914 was so heavily involved that it made little or no effort to pay the principal.

The same English authority estimates the war debt of the United States at \$275 per capita, or \$1,375 for a family of five, and this country fared the best of any of the larger ones involved in the war with the exception of Japan, which borrowed all told only a few millions. Between Great Britain, which heads the list, in order are Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Belgium and Italy.

That public debt is the best possible assurance that no nation of the first class will seriously consider starting another general war, during the present generation, at least. What ever hope there may now be of paying out would be wiped out before the first blow was struck, and the people who hold the bonds would have something to say about that.

After the tangles that the war caused are straightened out there should be exceptional harmony in the international family for a good many years, League of Nations or no league.

Hammering the High Cost.

Evidence is piling up that the people are becoming impatient in their efforts to curb the high cost of living. From many centers come stories of organization for the elimination of things which are not essential and to conserve in food, clothing and household necessities. Much of the effort is futile and some of it smacks of hysteria, but there is an encouraging tendency to get at fundamentals and to keep hammering away where the ticks count.

Most immediate and conspicuous results have attended the war upon the high cost of fresh eggs. Fresh eggs are not absolutely necessary and they do not long remain fresh. The law of supply and demand with reference to them works with a promptness which is almost startling.

Since fresh eggs do not constitute any considerable part of the menu of the average family in winter a cut in price does not mean very much for the great body of the people. The example, however, is of value, for it shows the results that certainly will follow in other commodities if a similar campaign is conducted and persisted in for a sufficient length of time. The case of fresh eggs may furnish the needed inspiration to accomplish something really worth while.

Dealers say that there has been more extravagant buying this Christmas than ever before. The people are still letting their pride override their judgment when it comes to things for adornment and for amusement. They do not yet realize that when they buy non-essentials they are diverting capital and productive energy from necessary things and so eventually helping to keep the latter scarce and expensive. That they are waking up on the question of things of common, everyday use, however, is an encouraging sign. It is the beginning. And that they are awakening stands proven beyond doubt. Forming of "old clothes," and "I won't pay it" and similar clubs all over the country eloquently attest the fact.

When a customer objects to the price of a given article and is told he had better buy now because the line is going to take another big jump before spring it makes him mad and he vows he'll be hanged if he ever will pay any more. He has made that sort of vow to himself many times in the last few years, but now he is getting together with his fellows and putting the pledges into formal declarations, and chances are he will stick to them.

And so the tumble in the price of eggs, without significance of itself, may be the forerunner of something really worth while in the line of more reasonable costs.

Chords and Discords

(BY THE SAGE OF THE SIDEWALK)

We suppose everybody's been busy today getting their gifts ready to be exchanged. We wonder how many white elephants there are in these paper shopping bags the ladies carry. Any way the idea of white elephants reminds us of that celebrated theory of Socrates we used to read in—let's see it was The Eclectic, or McGuffey's? No matter—but the man who received a hump for his shoulder in exchange for his nagging wife was rather miserable, if we remember it. Some people are just that flimsy.

The only time a selfish person ever learns the secret of happiness is when he "falls in love." This explains why his love-making is so eloquent and so—feeling. True enough. The selfishness is constantly falling in love with his friends, his work and the world in general.

Could This Have Been Your Boy?

Hurrying along Seventh avenue one day at the busy end of the afternoon, I was stopped by a young U. C. T. in knee trousers, who pushed a package into my hand and said:

"Buy a pot roast, 75 cents!" The voice was crisp and businesslike, as are the voices of all U. C. T.'s. And in front of me stood a lad of 7 or 8 with the world all before him, where to choose, etc., and I asked myself if Providence were his guide. This made me rub my eyes. I mean my "specs," and look again to make sure that I was dreaming no dreams, seeing no visions, as old men in their dotage are said to do. I consulted my Ingersoll. Everything was all right. Here was the time, the place, and the—the boy, and under my very nose the meat. And again came the voice: "Buy a pot roast, 75 cents!"

"Have the meat markets started to do business on the streets?" I asked. "Or are you starting in business for yourself?" The young U. C. T. grinned.

"Why do you want to sell your meat, my boy?"

"It isn't what my mother told me to get; she wanted beef."

"Where did you get it?"

"Down here at the market."

"Then come along with me, son, and we'll exchange it. I'm going past there. It's too bad to take home the wrong kind. Your mother might punish you. Come on, come on, I'm in a hurry."

Presto! The scene had changed. Exit the boy. Again I rubbed my "specs." This time I pinched myself. I looked back, forgetting the pillar of salt, everything in fact but that pot roast of pork. A small figure was running up the hill through the snow. I wonder why he wanted to sell that meat. Maybe he wanted to get his mother a box of her favorite chocolates, or a—cigar case for Christmas. You never know.

To all embryonic poets, imagists, or vers libre-lots—How do you like these translations from Keith Preston?

Our "Jack and Jill" that simple tale,
How Mother Goose did slight it.
Ah, how her careless lines would pale
If H. G. Wells should write it.

First take the hour when Jack was born,
How anxious papa waited;
Describe that age with bitter scorn;
Tell how Jack's parents mated.

Then analyze Jack's infant brain,
Recount his careful schooling,
Sketch Jack's arrival on the scene,
And paint their childish fooling.

State how the buckets were procured;
(Describe a bucket shop);
See how the ill-starred pair was lured
To tempt the fatal drop.

Give all the creakings ere the spill;
The words of the faithful granary.
Depict the aspect of that hill
With every clog and cranny.

Tell how they clambered up the slope,
Observing all the strata,
And canvassed England's future hope,
With economic data.

Say how the first misstep was Jill's
Poor Jack fell down like Adam;
They hit the road beneath the hill—
(The pavement was macadam).

Now let's see what you can do.

Hints on "How to Become an Authority on Poetry."

1. Cultivate the acquaintance of all the local poets. (Most of them are approachable).
2. Join a literary club.
3. Submit your poems to Chords and Discords.
4. Start a poetry magazine.

This is an age of technique. Jesse Anderson Chase declares the last word in that science to be "the technique of magic." We wonder if it's a hard technique to acquire.

Send us your New Year's resolutions. We'll print them, of course holding your name "strictly confidential." You can then have them framed and hang over that famous motto: "Do It Now."

Frederic Haskin's Letter

MIGRATORY MELL

Washington, D. C. Dec. 24.—With the holiday season over there will now begin the great and ever growing annual migration of that strange mammal, homo Americanus, from the northern to the southern end of his range. All the way from North Carolina to the equator, hotel keepers, guides, and numerous other functionaries who fatten on the tourist are getting ready for the rush that always comes in the early part of January.

It is to be hoped for the American people, according to the railroad administration, it should be a patriotic and tax saving enterprise to boost the southern migration. It really needs neither boosting nor excuse. In migrating southward in the winter and northward, eastward or westward in the summer the American follows a sound animal instinct, according to the scientists. He gains in energy and length of life. This is particularly true of what we call the typical American—that is the rather tall man or woman with rather light hair and eyes of the old American stock. This person is really an animal of his native range, say the anthropologists. This typical American is of Nordic stock, and is native to cool, damp, cloudy regions. It does not stand extreme heat at all well, but neither is it naturally adapted to extreme cold, for most of its natural range is affected by ocean currents which prevent extremes of temperature.

The darker type of American usually, though not always of later immigration, showing Mediterranean or Semitic blood, is much better qualified to stand the extremes of heat which the atrocious climate of the eastern seaboard includes, than is the blond type; but the brunette is even less qualified for enduring the extremes of mid winter cold.

Finally, all mankind, of whatever race or shade, is badly in need of mid winter vacation of some kind, whether it be a trip to Hawaii or merely a few days off to loaf and relax. For it has been proved by scientific test that the short cold days cause an actual decrease of human energy. At this time of year, all nature tends to slow down. The sap in trees runs slow, many animals hibernate and many others do so partially. Fish bury themselves in the mud, insects lie passive in the cocoon stage. Some primitive races of men living in very cold climates undergo a sort of partial hibernation. And most human beings are aware of a slowing down, a sense of inertia, a need for more sleep. If this warning of nature is not heeded, the machine tends to crack under the strain. Hence the great amount of sickness at this time of the year. One scientist says that we really need winter vacations much more than we need summer vacations.

A brief rest is the best that most of us can hope for. The trouble with the southern migration is the fact that it is a mass movement. The number of persons in America who have both is surprising; but the number who have very little of either is still more so. And it is the members of this majority, who most need the change and rest.

There is, however, a growing contingent of the not-so-wealthy who move southward in the winter. The enterprise really requires leisure more than wealth—a fact proved by the large number of ho-

boes who never miss their vacations in the sunny south.

There are quite a few houseboats on the Mississippi whose owners are as far from the plutocrat class as they are from that of vagabonds, which move annually from the neighborhood of Minneapolis to that of New Orleans. The current pays all the mileage on the way down, and usually a small motorboat laboriously propels the craft back. Lucky is the individual who has a trade or profession that will enable him to lead such a delightful life. A good many hibernators are seen moving southward at this time of the year too, and their battered and spattered appearance and the camp outfits strapped to the running boards, eloquent testimony that they belong to the sort of people who have a good time without being millionaires.

If the United States, with its unstable climate, is a poor one for the perpetual stay-at-home, it is an exceptionally good one for the habitual migrant. He can find it in any temperature and any shade of climate that he wants. The New Yorker can take a fast train one day and get off the next morning in North Carolina, in an entirely different climate—cool, but never cold—where he can golf and hunt and sit out of doors in the sun without discomfort. He will enjoy the best of New York in September weather. If he craves real summer, he must keep on southward to Palm Beach or some of the other far south resorts where he can bathe in the surf and blister his skin just as he did at home a few months before.

The south affords an amazing variety of accommodations and social environments, too. The most elaborate plans of course are made for the reception of the man and woman who have money and who want to spend it conspicuously. The sumptuousness, splendor and ostentation of the southern resort hotels becomes more impressive every year. But there are also places for the guest of smaller means or more modest taste. From the Carolinas south there are numerous hunting resorts where one can enjoy southern cooking, hospitality, sunshine, and sport without climbing into a dress suit every evening and without spending more than a few dollars a day.

It would be an oversight not to mention the migrants who move southward by water. They certainly experience the most gradual and delightful transition from winter to summer, as the sea changes from gray to vivid blue, and the uniforms of the ships' officers from blue to white. The West Indies are just beginning to come into their own as wintering territory. Cuba, of course, has long been famous. But people are just beginning to go to Porto Rico, and it is just beginning to offer them the comfort which the American tourist requires.

If he would not be quite so insistent on luxury he would enjoy a good deal more in the way of adventure and variety. Santo Domingo, for example, is not accustomed; but it can offer him unexplored jungles and rivers, wonderful scenery, some of which have been seen by White men, and hunting of an exotic sort—such as for wild guinea fowl and orchids.

Our newly acquired Virgin Islands also offer some interesting days to the man with an eye for the unusual and the new. None of these places will furnish you with a room and bath in the American sense. But in any of them you can find a clean bed and good folk and folk who are vastly more tolerant of your peculiarities than you are of theirs.

HEALTH TALKS

BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.

EDITED BY ROBERT ANDERSON AND AUTHOR

We Minor Epileptics.

We healthy people feel a kind of wicked delight in comparing ourselves with our less healthy friends. I have been sharply taken to task by readers for betraying some such feeling in remarks in this column. Yet a fellow is entitled to gloat over his health some. People with wealth always congratulate themselves for it, don't they? They do, only they do not like to admit it. Health is a greater prize than wealth.

The stigma attached to epilepsy in the popular mind is an instance. So few of us epileptics realize that we belong. Let's take inventory and see how many of us are epileptics unbeknownst. Of course one with major epilepsy, attacks of convulsions and loss of consciousness, realize there must be something the matter. But hundreds of individuals have minor epilepsy (petit mal) without realizing that there is anything much the matter. Here is a list of the various manifestations of minor epilepsy as described by Gowers:

- 1—Sudden momentary unconsciousness, or "fainting," or "sleepiness," without warning.
- 2—Giddiness.
- 3—Jerks or starts of the limbs, trunk or head.
- 4—Visual sensations of various kinds, or momentary loss of vision with no apparent cause.
- 5—Sudden sense of fear without reason; other sudden unreasonable mental states.
- 6—One-sided sensations of a peculiar character recurring irregularly in arm or leg or trunk.
- 7—Strange periodical sensations in the region of the stomach.
- 8—Sudden unexplained tremor.
- 9—Peculiar periodical sensations in both hands.
- 10—Sudden unexplained pain or peculiar sensation about the head at irregular intervals through the years.
- 11—Choking sensation in the throat.
- 12—Sudden scream for no apparent reason.
- 13—Strange sensation in smell.
- 14—Strange feeling about the heart, recurring at long irregular intervals.

Intervals without discoverable cause.

15—Strange sensation in nose or eyeballs.
16—Periodic recurrence of a feeling of difficulty in breathing.
17—Various general indescribable sensations.
Now, then, well folks, mull this list over and see whether you are a minor epileptic. Few of us can worry through life without having a "touch" of epilepsy, after all.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Pamphlet on Sex Hygiene. Kindly forward me your pamphlet on venereal diseases, especially the one dealing with the problem from the viewpoint of educators and young women. CH. A. R. Answer—The pamphlets may be obtained by addressing your state health department or the United States Public Health Service, Washington, D. C. Ask for the set you desire:

- Set A. For young men.
Set B. For officials and the general public.
Set C. For boys.
Set D. For parents.
Set E. Girls and young women.
Set F. For educators.
These pamphlets are free, and contain information which every one should have.

Consult a Dog Doctor. What is the cause of the disease commonly found in dogs and known as the mange? What symptoms?

Answer—My knowledge of veterinary medicine is nil. Try it on a good dog doctor.

Queer How These Illnesses Persist. I admire your sensible way of dealing with the trifles and peculiarities of women, especially your repeated assertion that menstruation is no reason for omitting the daily swim or exercise or bath. I have always so conducted myself, and my daughters do too. But can you explain why fruit will not keep if it is canned by a woman who is menstruating? (Mrs. J. M.)

Answer—It will keep if properly canned, as the process is so thorough. That is just one of the thousand and one superstitions which the credulous sex hates to give up.

What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

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GERTRUDE.

Gertrude, so charmingly feminine, has an origin in war. It signifies

appear maid and comes originally from German, second brother of Gunther, who through free of the guilt of the murder of Siegfried, shared the fate of his brothers by being killed early in the encounter among the feminine names derived from this war-like source is a Valkyrie name Gertrud or Gertrud.

Many pretty maidens of northern lands bore it and considered themselves battle maids armed with the spear of Ithuriel.

It was given popularity by a daughter of one of the great Pippins. She founded the Abbey of Nivelles and was revered by the Franks and Germans for the performance of miracles. The royal Gertrude was also a great favorite in Teutonic lands and the drinking of toasts to Saint Gertrude at banquets was almost a proverb for revelry. There was another St. Gertrude of royal blood, in Saxony, who became the Abbess of Helfding.

In Norway the woodpecker with black and white plumage and red head is called the Gertrude bird and the legend goes that Gertrude was the name of the woman who was baking bread when our Lord passed by and asked for a morsel. She promised it and straightway the dough began to grow under her hands. In an access of greed, she repeated the promise and as a punishment she was turned into a woodpecker and condemned to seek her living between the bark and the wood and never to go home until the red should fall from her head. For that reason it is said, the woodpecker migrates from Norway when the time begins to mellow.

England uses the name Gertrude without derivatives and employs only one diminutive: Gatty. She is Gertrude in France; Gertruda in Italy; Gertraud and Trudchen in Germany, and Gertrudes in Portugal.

Her talismanic gem is the garnet, which possesses many of the same qualities of its relative, the ruby. It protects the bodily and mental health of its wearer; to dream of it signifies the solution of a mystery. Thursday is Gertrude's lucky day; 5 is her lucky number; and the snowdrop is said to be her flower.

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Heart Home Problems

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am another girl somewhat similar to "High School Sal," as I have been called, and I have been acquainted with a boy on the streets and I let him take me home.

On the way home he stopped his car by the roadside and began to talk in a way I did not like. He started to act rather tough and I let him do a few things then of which I am ashamed now. I walk around the house at times and think of that and it makes me feel terribly.

I wonder if you understand. He did nothing to hurt me, but no doubt my reputation has a stain now, and oh, how I repent doing as I did.

I lived two miles from town then, but live in town now. If it had not been so far I would have walked home.

Can I regain my good reputation if I have hurt? E. C. H. Answer—You can regain your self-respect and when you respect yourself people will have respect for you. Do not permit yourself to grieve over your mistake. Consider it a blessing and profit by it.

You have formed an ideal of right and wrong now and need never make the same mistake again. When tempted, hold tightly to your ideals and you will build a splendid character.

This little experience will make you more tolerant of others who backslide. Everyone makes mistakes only it takes a broad nature to admit it. I do not mean that everyone has experienced what you have. There are various ways of falling down; one of the most serious I think is to lose sympathy and understanding of others who are repentant.

It is far more important that you should begin now to do the right thing than to spend your time thinking of the wrong you have done.

I have been going with him and corresponding for about two months.

I love him very much and I don't know whether he loves me. When he is with me he acts as though he cares a great deal.

How can I win his love? He talks about another girl once in a while. What shall I do?

HELEN H. Answer—Love goes where it will. Accept the young man as a friend and do not think about love. If he has another girl friend you have no right to object since you are so young and not engaged. Wait two or three years before you permit yourself to have love affairs. You will be thankful later if you wait. Love making becomes promiscuous if it starts too early.

In reply to "I, 2, 3": You should not phone the young man. If he cares for you as much as you think he does he will phone you again. It was a trifling matter that you refused to see him one time and such a thing would not stand in the court of a better future. Do not take the initiative in your romance or you will surely lose the man. He is competent to do his own courting.

Drs. Mrs. Thompson: I am a young man of 22, with common school education in Italian and also in English. Because of my position in the way time I have a lot of time to myself and have ambition to study.

I would like to take up something that would lead to a good position and better future. What would you advise me to study? ITALIAN-AMERICAN. Answer—After sufficient preparation you might secure a position in an export sales department. I would suggest that you talk to the principal of some night school and ask his advice. After taking courses in English composition and salesmanship you ought to be able to secure a position of this nature.

Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, 105 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. Is it compulsory that a soldier make an allotment for his dependent mother? T. W. Answer—A man in service is not compelled to make an allotment for his parents, but if married, he must allot part of his pay to his wife.

Q. Have I the right to open the mail of my daughter, who is not of age? D. V. H. Answer—A. The postoffice department says that parents have authority to open or otherwise direct the disposition of mail addressed to their minor children, as long as the children remain dependent upon them.

Q. What was the religious belief of the Indian concerning animals and planets? W. E. Answer—A. Many Indian tribes held that animals and planets were animated by spirits. They regarded certain

of these spirits as powerful and active. Among their elemental gods were the sun, fire and water. The buffalo, eagle and rattlesnake were worshipped. Among plants, cedar, cottonwood, corn and tobacco were venerated.

Q. Does Russia still have the Julian or old style calendar in reckoning time? T. S. Answer—A. Until recently Russia was one of the few remaining countries that still adhered to the Julian calendar, which now differs from the Gregorian calendar by 13 days. In May, 1919, the bolshevik government abandoned the old system of chronology. The Gregorian calendar is now used to reckon time.

Q. What is the meaning of the words "Auld lang syne"? B. K. Answer—A. The words are Scottish and mean "old long since."

hoof down the frozen lanes. It howls across the barren slopes from gloomy midnight caves, it chants the dirge of many a hope, it sings of lonely graves, it makes the cheerless woodlands wail, it sweeps their reary hill, it piles the snow in drifts, it beats the ice beside the ruddy blaze, secure and snug and warm, I sit and dream of summer days, and laugh at stress and storm.

—CLEM BRADSHAW.

Today's Events

Today is boxing day, one of the most popular of the English holidays. Centenary of the birth of Mrs. E. D. E. Southworth, popular American novelist and, according to her claim, inventor of the manila book envelope.